

For no crazed brain could ever yet propound.
Touching the Soul, so vain and fond a
thought; But some among these Masters,
have been found, Which in their Schools,
the selfsame thing have taught,

GOD, only-Wise ! to punish Pride of Wit,
Among men's wits hath this confusion
wrought ! As the proud Tower, whose points
the clouds did hit, By Tongues' Confusion,
was to rum brought.

But, Thou I which didst Man's Soul, of
nothing make! And when to nothing, it
was fallen again; To make it new, the
Form of Man didst take ! And, GÓD with
GOD, becam'st a Man with men !

Thou ! that hast fashioned twice, this Soul
of ours. So that She is, by double title,
Thine ! Thou, only, knowest her nature
and her powers ! Her subtle form, Thou,
only, canst define !

To judge herself, She must herself transcend
! As greater circles comprehend the
less : But She wants power, her own
powers to extend! As fettered men
cannot their strength express.

But Thou, bright morning Star ! Thou,
rising Sun ! Which, in these later times,
has brought to light Those mysteries,
that, since the world began, Lay hid in
darkness and eternal night!

Thou, like the sun, doth with indifferent ray,
Into the palace and the cottage shine!
And shovest the Soul, both to the Clerk
and Lay, By the clear Lamp of thy Oracle
Divine !

This Lamp, through all the regions of my brain,
Where my Soul sits, doth spread such beams
of grace ! As now, methinks ! I do
distinguish plain Each subtle line of her
immortal face !